SELECTED EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL.

Engliſhed
By THOMAS MAY
Eſquire.

—*Nec Crimen erit nec Gloria*—

LONDON,
Printed for *Thomas Walkley*
at Brittaines Burſe.
1629.

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To the Right honourable and truly Noble, HENRY Earle of Holland, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, one of his Maiesties most hon: privie Councell, and Chancellour of the famous Vniversitie of Cambridge, &c.

My noble Lord,

I Should not present, without much Apologie, so

meane a Worke to a hand ſo honourable, did not a confidence in your true worth, and the cleareneſſe of mine owne thoughts, give me Encouragement. Therfore with the ſame modeſtie that the ingenious Author of theſe Epigrams preſented ſome of them to Plinius Secundus, a noble Roman of happy employment under Traian the Emperour (as a recreation onely to his howers of mirth and pleaſure) do I offer theſe my poore Endeavours to your Lordſhip. With how much courteſie the noble Pliny in one of his Epiſtles doth acknowledge the reſpect of Martial, I doe no waies inferre, eyther to direct, or much

leſſe to engage your Lordſhips acceptation; ſince I confeſſe the difference to bee great betweene ſo acute an Authour, and my ſelfe the vnworthy Tranſlatour. Onely requeſting humbly that you would be pleaſed in this little to accept my true ſervice. Of which (in mine owne iudgement) I cannot make a fitter tender than to ſuch a Lord, to whoſe knowne Vertues ſo famous a Vniverſitie as Cambridge hath yeelded the Protection of her ſelfe. To which, and to all good learning, that you may long live a favourable Mecænas, and (like Mecænas) graced in the ſervice

of

of our good, and great Auguſtus, hee prayeth, that will ever continue

Moſt humbly devoted

to your Lordſhip

THO. MAY.

To the Reader.

THe Translation of these Epigramms is a thing (Reader) which I confesse for divers Reasons I was loath to publish: One is, because they are but a part of Martiall, and chosen out here and there; so that I am lyable to a double censure, and not only the skill in translating, but the judgement in chooſing of them may be called in question. But in that case

not

not only Ioseph Scaliger, who published divers of these Epigramms, translated into Greek, but divers others, in other Languages, may in part excuse me for meddling with a part of a Booke. The second reason is, because it is more than probable, that divers Gentlemen have exercised or pleased themselves in translating some of these, and may therefore peruse mine with a more rigid censure. but that I must referre to the goodnesse of their dispositions. The third reason is, because that having already published two Translations, I was loath any more to vexe the Romane Poets (who shall sleep quietly in their Vrnes hereafter for me) though Translation bee a thing

which

which, I thinke, the ableſt men doe not at all condemne. Some men there are who complaine of late that too much learning is brought into our native Language, and that that is by others attained at too eaſie a rate, which coſt themſelves more labour. Thoſe (as I take it) are ſuch pretty Schollers as have rather ſtrived to get ſome skill in the Latine or Greeke tongues, than to furniſh themſelves with the ſubſtance of Art, which is contained in thoſe tongues; and wanting ſo much reall Learning as may commend them to the world, would faine bee applauded for the ſhadow of it: Like ſome unlearned or iniudicious Preachers in Country parishes, who would

would rather be liked by the ignorant People for ſpeaking of Latin ſentences, than informing their knowledges with ſubſtantiall Doctrine, and have the fortune to bee praiſed by none, but thoſe which doe not underſtand them: and indeed thoſe which I have obſerved miſ-likers of Tranſlation, are neither perfect in the Latin, nor able in their native Language. There are many things (Reader) in this worke I doe confeſſe, which muſt intreat a favourable excuſe, and dare not ſtand a ſtrict cenſure; eſpecially the firſt Epigramme of all, which is in the Latin both too full to be rendred in a Verſe of ten Syllables, and ſubject to divers Conſtructions of ſenſe: But being intreated which

treated by a friend of mine to doe all the Booke of Spectacles, I could not leave out the first of them. Some of them have lyen many yeares by me, and were not intended for the Presse, and many of them in loose Papers I have lost, and perchance thou wilt say (and I am of that opinion) it had beene no great matter if they had beene all lost.

To the Reader.

Martial's Epigramms upon the Spectacles of the Roman Amphytheater.

He preferres the Amphytheater, begunne by Vespasian the Emperour, finished and dedicated by Titus his Sonne, before the ancient wonders of the World.

LEt Memphis flame-like Towers no more be (known,
Nor men still strive in praysing Babylon;
Nor those soft honors Phæbes Temple fame,
Nor th' horny Altar boast Apollo's name,
Nor let the Carians with immoderate praise
Mausolus tombe from th' ayre t' Olympus raise.
Let all to Cæsar's Theater give place;
One worke for all let fame for ever blaze.

Epigramms.

Hee extolls the gratious munificence of the two Emperours, Vespasian and Titus; who demolishing the vast Pallace of Nero, had builded in the roome of it publicke workes, as the Colossus, the Amphitheater, the hot Baths, and common walkes of pleasure.

HEre where the huge Colossus meets the skies,
And in the mid way lofty Pageants rise,
Once cruell Nero's envi'd Pallace shone,
And in all Rome stood one proud house alone.
Here, where the stately Amphitheater
His bulke displayes, once Nero's fish-ponds were.
Here, where th' hot Baths quick work we wonder
Th' iniurious court disseis'd poor dwellers late.sat,
Where shade the Claudian Gallery doth lend,
Thither proud Nero's Pallace did extend.
Rome's to her selfe restor'd by Cæsars reigne.
What ioyes the Prince engrost, the people gain.

Epigramms.

An elegant deſcription of the generall acclamation of Spectators in the Amphitheater of all Nations belonging to the Roman Empire, in honour of Ceſar.

VVHat nation, Cæſar, is ſo wilde or farre,
But ſome ſpectators in thy citie are?
From Rhodopeian Hœmus dwellers come
Sarmãtian horſe blood drinkers leave their home.
Thoſe that on Thetis fartheſt ſhore are bred,
Are here, and thoſe that drinke of Nilus head.
Hither th' Arabians, and Sabæans haſt,
Cilicians here their owne ſweet waters taſt.
Hither come knot-hair'd curl'd Sicambrians,
And otherwiſe curl'd Æthiopians.
Though different ſounds, yet all in this agree
When Romes true father thou art ſaid to bee.

Hee honoureth Titus for baniſhing the common accuſers, who in the time of Nero, and other Tyrants, were the ruine of honeſt men.

THe peace diſturbers, enemies to reſt,
That ſtil the goods of wretched men oppreſt,
More than the Stage could hold, to Affrick now

Banish'd, receive what they did erst bestow.
Th' accuser banish'd from the City goes,
Her life to Cæsar's grace the City owes.

Among other spectacles, ancient fables were acted on the Theatre, and among others, this of the queen Pasiphaë, who unnaturally lusted after a Bull.

BElieve a bull enioy'd the Cretan Queene;
Th'old fable verifi'd we all have seene.
Let not old times, Cæsar, selfe-praised bee;
Since what fame sings, the stage presents to thee.

In the hunting of the amphitheatre, a woman (it seemes) had killed a lion, upon which, he extolleth the exercises of Cæsar's theatre, before former times.

THat Mars doth conquer, Cæsar, at thy fights,
Tis not enough, but tender Venus fights.
The lion slaine in Nemean Vale of old,
Fame as a great Herculian action told.
Let old fame silent be; for since thy show,
As much we saw a womans hand to do.

Epigramms.

Men condemned to dy, did personate in their death some ancient fable vpon the stage, as this Prometheus.

AS to the Sythian rock Promotheus bound
Fed still a bird with his breasts deathles wound.
Laureolus on no false gibbet here,
So yeelds his breast t'a Calidonean beare. (wound,
His torne bloud-dropping members liv'd one
And in's whole body was no body found.
Sure he, that suffer'd thus, with impious sword
Murder'd his Father, or had slaine his Lord;
Or rob'd the temples of their sacred gold,
Or fired Rome. What ere, that crime of old
His crime surpast; for what they did invent
Of others harme, was his true punishment.

Vpon a Malefactor personating Dædalus.

WHen by a bear thou Dædalus, wert torne,
How gladly then wouldst thou thy wings (haue worne?

Of a Rhinoceros.

THe fierce Rhinoceros, Cæsar, in thy sight,
More than he promis'd did perform the sight.
How fierce in rage, how strōg of horn was he, (flee?
Whose strength in th'aire made bulls like balls to

He praises the iustice of Cesar, who cōmanded a Lion to be killed on the Stage, for hurting or killing his Keeper.

A Treacherous Lion hurt his Keeper late,
Daring those well known hands to violate.
But for his foule offence he pai'd full deare,
In stead of stripes he felt a killing speare.
Vnder a Prince, that teaches gentlenesse
To beasts, what manners should his men expresse?

Of a Beare caught with bird-lime on the Theatre.

VVHilst ore the bloody stage a Beare so fast
Doth roll, in bird-lime caught he lost his
Let cased hunting spears now vseless stand, (haste.

And

And iavelins fly no more from th'hunters hand.
Let huntſmen in the aire purſue their prey,
If beaſts be caught after the fowlers way.

Of a Sow chaſed are the Theatre, and killed with a ſpeare, who out at that wound ſarrowed by pigges.

AT our Cæſarian Dians cruell ſhow,
A flying dart had hurt a prægnant ſow,
When from the damms death-wound the pigges proceed.
Cruel Lucina, this the way to breed?
The dying ſow would of moe wounds be glad
To make ſad way for all the pigs ſhee had.
Deny not Bacchus borne by mothers death.
A God might well, ſince ſo a beaſt tooke breath.

Another of the ſame.

A Breeding ſow hurt with a mortall blow,
At once loſt life, and did new life beſtow.
What certaine aime the iaueline-thrower tooke?
I thinke it was Lucinaes hand that ſtrooke.

Her death the power of both Diana's try'd;
Help'd as a damme, as hunting game shee dy'd.

Another of the same.

A Sow now great, the fruit of her ripe wombe
Brought forth, a parent by a wound become.
That lay not still, but runne when the dam fell.
How witt in suddaine chances doth excell!

He praises young Carpophorus, a favourite of Domitian the Emperour's, who to winne honour, fought with beasts upon the stage, (as the custome was) he prefers him before Hercules and Meleager.

A Bore, whose death gave Meleager name,
But part is of Carpophorus his fame.
He in a Beare, as great as any were
Vnder the North, did sheathe his hunting speare.
He slew a Lion of unusuall size,
That might be held a faire Herculean prize:
And a swift Libbard, yet his freshnesse such, (much
When crown'd for this, he could have done as

Epigrammes.

A Spectacle, in which by an engine the image of Domitian, arrayed like Hercules, seemed to bee carryed by a Bull up into heaven; he compares it with the Bull that carryed Europa.

THat from the Stage a Bull did mount the skie,
It was no worke of Art, but Pietie.
A Bull Europa bore through 's Brothers Seas,
Now to the sky a Bull bare Hercules.
Cæsar's and love's devices now compare;
Though both bare equall loades, this higheſt bare.

Of an Elephant adoring Domitian the Emperour.

THat th' Elephant, whoſe might the Bull before
So fear'd, thee (Cæsar) proſtrate did adore,
Twas not his Keepers teaching, or commands;
Even hee thy God-head, Cæsar, underſtands.

Epigrammes.

Of a Tiger and a Lion.

A hard-got Tiger from th' Hyrcanian Land,
That us'd to licke his feareleſſe Maſters hand,
Lately in rage (a thing not heard before)
A mighty Lion all to pieces tore.
He durſt not doe within the Forreſt thus,
But grew more furious ſince he liv'd with us.

Of a Bull and an Elephant.

THe Bul, that late provoked on the ſtage
By fire, did toſſe the Bals up in his rage,
Did fall at laſt by ſtrength of horne, whilſt ſo
He thought in th' ayre an Elephant to throw.

He flatters the wiſedome of Domitian, who ſatisfied at once the deſires of both factions of the People.

WHile ſome Triumphus, Myrinus ſome crave,
Cæſar at once with both hands promiſe gave.

This

This merry ſtrife who better could accord?
Oh pleaſant wit of an unconquer'd Lord!

The Fable of Orpheus was preſented on the Amphitheater. in which a condemn'd man was torne by a Beare, as Orpheus was by the Women in the ſacrifice of Bacchus.

WHat ere of Orpheus Æmus vale did ſee,
Thy ſtage, O Cæſar, did preſent to thee. (ſcene,
The Rockes did creepe, the Woods were running
Such as th' Heſperides were thought t' have been.
Beaſts after him both wilde and tame did throng,
And ſholes of Birds about the Poet hung.
But he was ſlaine by an ungratefull Beare.
This here was true, t' other was fained there.

Of the Rhinoceros.

WHilſt long the fearefull Keepers did provoke
Th' Rhinoceros, ere he his anger tooke,

They

They did despaire th' expected fight t' obtaine;
At last his usuall rage return'd againe;
For with his double horne he tost a Beare
As high as Buls stuff'd Bals have tossed there.

Of Carpophorus.

HOw strong and sure, yet in his tender yeares
Carpophorus throwes his Dorick hunting speares?
Two mighty Bullocks easily he kill'd;
To him the bugle and fierce Bull did yeeld.
From him a Lion on the weapons ranne;
Blame not the tarrying of the combate than.

Epigrammes.

A navall fight presented on the Theater (the water being suddenly let in by certain devices) made spectators that were strangers believe it was the Sea; but that presently after they saw the water let out, and the Sword-players exercising in the same place.

SPectator, thou that com'st from some far shore,
And never saw'st these sacred showes before,
Be not deceiv'd with Sea-like Pooles, that beare
Whole navall fights; dry Land was lately there.
Doo'st not believe? stay till the Fencers play
By Land: here lately was the Sea, thou'lt say.

The History of Leander, personated upon the water, let into the Amphitheater: in which he prayseth the Emperour as more mercifull than Neptune; for this personated Leander was here saved; the true one was drowned in the Hellespont.

THat this night-sea thy life, Leander, saves
Cease youth to wõder, they were Cæsars waves.

When

Epigramms.

When bold Leander ſwam to his faire Love,
And 'gainſt the ſwelling waves now weari'd ſtrove,
Thus the approaching billowes he beſpake
This life but going ſpare, returning take.

Young men, skilfull in ſwimming, attired in the habit of Sea-Nymphs, played upon the water of the Theater. Which artificiall ſpectacle hee preferreth before the true Exerciſes of Thetis, and her Nymphs.

ON Seas a well-taught Troope of Sea-Nymphs (playde
And various rankes on th' eaſie waters made.
The threatning Tridét, the crook'd Anchors there,
The Ships, the Oares (we thought) did true appear;
Th' Oebalian Twins, the Sailors ſaviours ſhin'd;
Broad Sailes did ſeeme to ſwell againſt the wind.
Who firſt ſuch workes on liquid waters wrought?
Theſe ſports here Thetis learn'd, or Thetis taught.

Epigramms.

Of Carpophorus.

HAd former ages bred Carpophorus,
No Monsters, Cæsar, had beene left for us.
Nor had men fear'd the Nemean Lions rore,
The Cretan Bull, nor fierce Arcadian Bore.
By his arm'd hand Hydra one death had dy'd;
He at one blow Chimæra had destroy'd.
Tam'd Colchos Buls without Medæa's ayde,
And freed Andromeda, and the Troian Maide.
Count great Alcides praises, and to tame
Twice ten wilde Beasts at once, is greater fame.

He preferreth the Sea-fights, exhibited for spectacle by the Emperours Titus, and Domitian, before those of Augustus, Claudius, and Nero.

TO ioyne two fleets, and with Sea-trumpets raise
A navall fight, was great Augustus praise;
More is our Cæsar's; Galatæa view'd,
And Thetis too, strange Beasts in water shew'd.
And Triton Sea-wett Chariots here hath seene,

And

And thought they had his Masters horses beene.
For these fierce ships whilst he prepares a fight,
Old Nereus would not from his Chariot light.
What ere upon the circke or stage men see
Cæsar's rich water does present to thee.
Let Claudius Lakes, and Nero's not be knowne
To after times, but this Sea-fight alone.

When two Sword-Players fought equally, and neyther yeelded, Cæsar (though the People desired it) would not dismisse them, till at last both equally yeelded. Vpon which hee dismissed them both, crowned them both as Conquerours, and freed them from the service of the Stage by sending them Staves as the Custome was.

WHen Verus here, there Priscus did prolong
The fight; and both their strengths in ballance
The Peoples clamours oft dismission pray'd (hung,
For both; but Cæsar his owne Law obey'd.
Which was, the yeelder must his finger show;
How ere, he gifts and junkets did bestow.

Epigramms.

At laſt an end this equall combate found,
Both fought alike, and both alike gave ground
Cæſar to both gave prize and libertie,
All this became ingenious vertues fee.
'Twas never known, Cæſar, before thy raigne,
That two ſhould fight, and conqueſt both obtaine

FINIS.

MARTIAL
His
Epigramms.

Hic eſt quem legis—— Epig. 1 Lib. 1.

HEre whom thou ſeek'ſt, Reader, thou haſt
Martiall through all the knowne world grac'd
For Epigrams of choyſeſt wit.
To whom alive, and knowing it,
Reader, the favour thou haſt ſhowne
Few Poets Vrnes have ever knowne.

Cum peteret Regem——Epig. 22. Lib. 1.

WHen Mutius mist of his King-killing ayme,
His willing hand he offer'd to the flame.
But the milde Foe such Miracles abhorr'd,
And safe from fire his Prisoner home restor'd.
That hand, that Mutius from least fainting free
Durst burne, the King could not endure to see.
Thus happy errour greater glory wonne,
And lesse this hand, if not deceiv'd, had done.

Pompeios iuvenes——Epig. 74. Lib. 5.

EVrope, and Asia Pompey's sonnes interre,
He tomb'd in Lybia lyes, if any where:
No marvell tis, they scatter'd thus remaine,
Since no one place such ruine could containe.

Comingis

Coningis audisset fatum —— Epig. 43. Lib. 1.

WHen Brutus death to Portias eare was brought,
And weapons hid from her, her sorrow sought,
Know ye not yet, quoth she, death 's nere deny'd?
Learn'd you not so much when my Father dy'd?
This said, hot swallowed coales dispatch her life.
In vaine, alas, have you deny'd a knife.

Dum dubitaret —— Epig. 32. Lib. 6.

WHile civill Furies fate did doubtfull stay,
And yet soft Otho might have wonne the day.
Mars he condemn'd with blood already cloy'd,
And his own life his certaine hand destroy'd.
Though Cato's life than Cæsars greater was,
Not Cato's death could dying Otho passe.

Epigrammes.

Quod magni Thraſee, —— *Epig. 9. Lib. 1.*

THat great Thraſea's Sect thou doſt maintaine,
And dying Cato's, yet ſtill ſafe remaine,
Nor on drawne Swords thy naked breaſt haſt run,
What I could wiſh, has Decianus done.
I weigh not him, whoſe glory death muſt raiſe.
Give me the man, that living merits praiſe.

Cum gravis —— *Epig. 73. Lib. 4.*

WHen ſicke Veſtinus drew his lateſt breath,
And ſaw before his eyes approaching death.
The Sifters drawing his laſt thread he prayes
In that blacke taske to uſe ſome ſmall delayes,
Dead to himſelfe he now lives to his friends.
The Fates gave way to his Religious ends. (breath,
Then parting his large wealth, he yeelds his
And thinkes himſelfe now old enough for death.

Vn

Vis fieri liber——Epig. 53. Lib. 2.

THou would'ſt be free, thou ly'ſt, thou would'ſt not be;
But if thou wouldſt, Ile chaulk the way to thee.
At others Tables canſt thou ſcorne to dine?
Canſt quench thy thirſt with ſmall Etrurian wine?
And caſt on Cinna's Plate no covetous eye,
And be content with ſuch a gowne as I?
Can a cheape Wench ſuffice thine appetite?
And roomes, in wch thou canſt not ſtand upright?
Couldſt thou thy minde to this true temper bring,
Thou ſhouldſt live freer than the Parthian King.

Nullos eſſe Deos——Epig. 21. Lib. 4.

THat in the Heavens no gods there be
Selius affirmes, and proves, cauſe he
Still thinking ſo lives happily.

Epigrammes.

Esse quid hoc —— Epig. 10. Lib. 5.

WHence ist, that men alive no praise can gaine?
And that few Readers their own times maine-
This, Regulus, is Envie's wonted guise (taine?
To praise whats past, and present things despise.
So we old Pompey's Gallery desire,
And Iulius Temple our old men admire.
Ennius Rome read, whilst Maro there resided.
By his own times great Homer was derided.
Few Stages crowned Menander sounded forth.
None but Corinna knew her Ovids Worth.
But haste not you (my Bookes) for Fame, to whom
'Tis soone enough if after death it come.

Sit cisterna mihi —— Epig. 55. Lib. 3.

A Vineyard at Ravenna; no a Well.
For Water there, than Wine doth dearer sell.

Callidus

Epigramms.

Callidus imposiat—— Epig. 58. Lib. 3.

THe Vintner cheated me, and pure Wine gave;
Wine mixt with Water I desir'd to have.

Callidus effracta—— Epig. 43. Lib. 5.

THieves may thy Coffers breake, steale coyne or plate;
Thy house a sudden fire may ruinate.
Debtors may Vse, and Principall deny,
And dead thy seedes in barren Grounds may lye:
Thy Steward may be cheated by a Whoore;
Thy Merchandise the Ocean may devour.
But what thou giv'st thy friends, frō chance is free.
Thy gifts alone shall thine for ever be.

COntinual ſhowrs have ſo bedrenchd the vines,
Though Vintners would, they could not ſell (pure wines.

Of a Viper ſmothered in Amber.

Flentibus Heliadum ramis——Epig.59.Lib.4.

WHilſt on th' Heliades Amber-weeping Bowes
A Viper creeps down, on the Worme it flowes.
Who whilſt amazde in this ſweet Deaw it lyes,
The Amber hardens, and the Viper dyes.
Boaſt not, Ægyptian Queen, thy Tombe ſo brave,
Since here a Viper findes a nobler grave.

Epigrammes.

Primos passa toros —— Epig. 22. Lib. 4.

BVt newly bedded, and scarce ram'd, from mee
To a cleare Lake did Cleopatra flee
To hide her, but the water her betrayd,
And to my sight her naked Limmes displayd.
So in a glasse are Lillyes plainly spyde,
Nor blushing Roses can pure Chrystall hide.
I, leaping in, a struggling kisse did get,
But more the water would not there permit.

Quisquis flaminiam —— Epig. 14. Lib. 11.

WHo ere dost passe Flaminiaes way,
At this enobled Marble stay.
Romes Love, Ægypts facetious Play.
The Art, the Grace, the Sport, and Pleasure,
The Roman Stages Griefe and Treasure,
All Venuses, and Cupid's here
Are clos'd in Paris Sepulchre.

Tenta

Epigramms.

Tanta tibi est —— Epig. 6. Lib. 12.

CÆsar, as iust thou art, as full of grace
As Numa was; but poore old Numa was.
Tis strange, a minde not chang'd by wealth, to see
That Croesus Master should a Numa bee.
If those great names, the Roman Fathers shou'd
Ascend from forth Elisium's empti'd wood,
For thee Camillus freedome would forsake,
And gold Fabritius from thy hand would take;
Brutus would serve thee, to no hand but thine
Would Sylla his Dictatorship resigne.
Pompey would love thee, Cæsar private still (will.
Would live; and Crassus wealth should serve thy
Nay, if from Stygian gulfe Cato were free,
Cato himselfe would a Cæsarian bee.

Bella es, novimus, & —— Epig. 65. Lib. 1.

TH' art faire Fabulla, tis most true,
Rich, yongue, there's none denies thy due.

But

But whileſt thy ſelfe doſt too much boaſt,
Thy youth, thy wealth, thy beautie's loſt.

Frontibus adverſis—— Epig. 35. Lib. 4.

WEe ſaw faint Deere with furious butts of late
Each other meet, and dye with mutuall fate.
The Dogs beheld their prey, the Hunt-man proud
Admir'd no worke was to his knife allowd.
Whence ſhould faint hearts ſuch furie entertaine?
So fight ſterne Buls, ſo valiant men are ſlaine.

Dic mihi quem portas volucrum—— Ep. 56. Lib. 5.

TEll me, whô bearſt thou, Queen of Birds? great Love
Why wears he not his Thunder? he's in love.
With whom? a Boy. Why doſt thou turn thy beake
So pleaſd to love? Of Ganymed I ſpeake.

Dimidium

Epigrammes.

Casta suo gladium—— Epig. 14. Lib. 1.

WHen to her Pætus Aria gave the Sword,
Which had her own chaft breſt already gor'd,
Truſt me (ſhe ſaid) mine own would grieves not me;
That wound 's my grief, wch muſt be made by thee.

Fraſti tantum felices—— Epig. 37. Lib. 3.

RIch friends 'gainſt poor to anger ſtil are prone
It is not well, but profitably done.

Quem recitas meus eſt—— Epig. 39. Lib. 1.

THe Booke thou readſt, O Fidentine, is mine;
But when thou ill recit'ſt it, it proves thine.

Flac

Epigramms.

Flete nefas vestrum.

WEepe, Nymphs, for your misdeeds all Lucrine lake,
Let Thetis feele your sorrow, & partake
Drown'd in the Baian waters, Eutychus
Is lost, thy deare Companion Castricus.
That knew thy thoughts, thy cares that gently eas'd
The lov'd Alexis, which our Poet pleas'd.
Perchance the wanton Nymph within the Lake
Thee naked saw; and sent young Hylas backe,
Or else the Goddesse moved with delight
Of thy embrace, neglects th' Hermaphrodite.
What ever caus'd thy sudden rape, to thee
Let both the earth and water gentle bee.

Semper eris pauper. — *Epig. 82. Lib. 5.*

IF thou be poore, thou shalt be ever so;
None now do wealth, but on the rich, bestow.

Thou

Epigramms.

Tristis es & felix.——Epig. 79. Lib. 6.

THou art rich & sad; take heed lest fortune know;
She 'll call th' unthankefull, Lupus, if she do.

Profecit poto Mithridates——Epig. 77. Lib. 5.

BY taking Poyson oft the Ponticke King
Secur'd himselfe from hurt by poysoning;
And, Cinna, thou by supping basely still
Procur'st that hunger thee can never kill.

Nescis, crede mihi, quid——Epig. 49. Lib. 4.

THou know'st not, trust me, what are Epigrams,
Flaccus, who think'st them iests, & wanton games.
Be wantons more, who writes what horrid meat

The

Epigramms.

The plagu'd Thyeſtes, and vex'd Tereus ſad,
Or Dædalus fitting his Boy to fly,
Or Polyphemus flocks in Sicily.
My Booke no windy words, nor turgid needes,
Nor ſwels my Muſe with mad Cothurnall weedes.
Yet thoſe things all men praiſe, admire, adore.
True, they praiſe thoſe, but read theſe Poems more.

Non donem tibi——Epig. 74. Lib. 5.

THou wonder'ſt, Theodore, why I
Entreated oft and urgently
Refuſe to ſend my Bookes to thee;
I feare thou 'lt ſend thine owne to me.

Fruſtra blanditiæ——Epig. 72. Lib. 10.

IN vaine ô wretched Flatterie,
With bare-worne lips thou comſt to me;

Epigrammes.

To call me falsly Lord and God,
Away; for thee here's no abode;
To Parthia's mitred Monarchs goe;
There falling prostrate, basely low,
The gawdy Kings proud feet adore.
This is no Lord, but Emperour,
Of all the iustest Senatour,
By whom from Stygian shades, the plaine,
And rusticke truth 's brought backe againe.
Thou dar'st not, Rome, he Emperour,
To flatter as thou didst before.

Nubere Paulla cupit ——— Epig. 8. Lib. 10.

PAulla would marry me; I would not her
Because she's old, unlesse she elder were.

Epigrammes.

Qui legis Oedipodas —— *Epig. 4. Lib. 10.*

WHat are, but Monſters, in the Theban bed,
Thyeſtes, Scillaes, or Medea's read?
What profits thee ſleeping Endymion?
Parthenopæus, Atis, Hylas gone?
Icarus drown'd? Hermaphroditus fate,
Who now doth loves transforming waters hate?
Why ſuch vaine traſh ſpendſt thou thy time upon?
Reade that, which truly thou mayſt call thine own.
There are no Centaures, Gorgons, Harpyes here;
My page ſpeakes only man. But thou doſt feare
Thy ſelfe, Mammurra, and thy crimes to know.
Then, read Callimachus his cauſes thou.

Feſtinata prior decimi —— *Epig. 2. Lib. 10.*

THis my tenth Booke ſet out before 'tis ſoone,
Backe to my hands comes to be better done.
Some old, but new corrected, thou wilt finde;
The moſt are new; Reader, to both be kinde.

Epigrammes.

Reader, my wealth; whom when to me Rome gave,
Nought greater to bestow (quoth she) I have.
By him ingratefull Lethe thou shalt flye,
And in thy better part, shalt never dye.
Wilde Fig-trees rend Messalla's Marbles off;
Crispus halfe-horses the bold Carters scoffe.
Writings no age can wrong, no theeving hand.
Deathlesse alone those Monuments will stand.

Quinque satis fuerant —— *Epig. 3. Lib. 8.*

FIve Books, or sixe, or seven, had bin enow, (thou?
Nay, Muse, too much; why further wantonst
Here end for shame; fame now can adde no grace
To me; my Bookes are read in every place.
And when Licinius, and Messalla's high,
Rich marble Towers in ruin'd dust shall lye,
I shall be read, and strangers every where
Shall to their farthest homes my Verses beare.
Thus I, when thus the ninth Muse answer'd me,
Whose hair & clothes still wet with oyntments be,
Canst thou, ingratefull man, thy joyes forsake?

What better course (speake idler) canst thou take?
Will thy low Verse ere fit the Tragicke vaine?
Or thunder Warres in an Heroicke straine?
That Schoole-masters, till they be hoarse, may read
Thy lines, & Girles & Boyes thy name may dread?
Let men more grave and sowre such Verses write,
Who do by Candles spend the toylesome night;
With Roman salt thy merry Bookes fill thou,
Where men their maners may both read & know.
What though thou seeme to pipe on humble reeds,
Whilst others Trumpets thy small Pipe exceeds?

Aolidon Canace iacet hoc —— *Epig. 92. Lib. 11.*

WIthin this Tombe faire Canace is plac't,
To whom her seventh Winter was her last.
O dire mischance! Reader, why weepst thou there?
Tis not her short life, that requires thy teare.
Deaths maner's worse than death; the dire disease
Beset her face, her tender mouth did seize.
The Monster sickenesse striv'd a kisse to have.
Her faire lips went not wholly to the grave.

If fates so soone had meant to stop her breath,
They should have come some other way. But death
Made haste her tongues sweet Musicke to prevent,
Least that should make the flintie Fates relent.

Quod tam grande —— Epig. 48. Lib. 6.

THat flattering guests to praise thy words cõsent,
Not thou, Pomponius, thy feast's eloquent.

Qui recitat lana fauces —— Epig. 41. Lib. 6.

HEe that recites, his throat close muffled, hee
Showes he can neither speake, nor silent bee.

Si quâd forte petam——Epig.24. Lib.8.

To Ceſar.

If my ſmall fearefull Booke do begge of thee,
Grant it, if not too bold my beggings bee;
Or pardon, though thou grant not what I move;
Incenſe and prayers nere offended Iove.
He makes not gods, who does their figures raiſe
In gold and marble; but the man that prayes.

Liber amicorum dulciſſima——Epig.77. Lib.8.

Libet thy friends deare care, worthy to live
For evermore where ſweeteſt Roſes thrive,
With flowers (if thou be wiſe) ſtill crown thy head,
Vpon thy haire Aſſyrian oyntment ſpread:
Thy Chryſtall glaſſe let blacke Falernum dy:
Thy ſoft bed warme with pleaſing Venery.
Who ere lives thus, although but halfe his time,
He makes more life than was beſtow'd on him.

Hunc quem cunq; tibi —— *Epig. 15. Lib. 9.*

THinkst thou his friendship ever faithful proves,
Whom first thy Table purchas'd? no, he loves
Thy Oysters, Mullets, Bores, Sowes paps, not thee:
If I could feast him so, he would love me.

Laudas balnea —— *Epig. 20. Lib. 9.*

To Sabellus.

THou prayst in three hundred lines
Ponticus Baths, who richly dines;
Thy minde to eate, not wash inclines.

Non tot in Ebis——Epig. 26. Lib. 8.
To Domitian.

NOt in the Hyrcanian woods, nor India
Did ere mo Tigers the pale hunts-men aw
Than did thy Rome, Germanicus, in sights
Late shew; nor could she number her delights.
The Indian Triumph was excell'd by thee,
The wealth and conquest of a Deitie.
For Bacchus with two Tigers was content
When Captive Indians by his Chariot went.

Munera qui——Epig. 27. Lib. 8.

GAurus, th' art old & rich; who ere to thee (die.
Gives gifts (conceive him right) he bids thee

Hostem

Epigrammes.

Hoſtem cum fugeret —— Epig. 80. Lib. 2.

WHat Furie's this? his Foe whilſt Fannius flyes
He kils himſelfe, for feare of death he dyes.

Splendophorus Libycas —— Epig. 57. Lib. 9.

TO Libya goes Splendophorus to warre.
Cupid, thy ſhafts for this faire Boy prepare,
Thoſe ſhafts, which youths & tender virgins woūd;
Light let thy ſpeare in his ſoft hand be found.
The breaſt-plate, helme and ſhield I leave to thee;
To fight in ſafety, naked let him bee.
No arrow, ſword, nor dart could hurt in warre
Parthenopæus, whilſt his face was bare.
He, whom this youth ſhall wound, will dy of love,
And happy too ſo ſweet a fate to prove.
Whilſt yet thy chin is ſmooth fair boy come home;
Grow not a man in Affricke, but at Rome.

In

In Tarteſſiacis domus eſt——Epig.62.Lib.9.

A Well known houſe doth in that country ſtand
Where Bætis waters Corduba's rich Land,
Where Wool's their native mettals colour keepe,
And growing goldfoile guilds the Spaniſh ſheepe.
In mid'ſt of th' houſe her gods ore-ſhadowing
Does Cæſars plaine-tree proſperouſly ſpring,
Planted by that victorious gueſt, from whoſe
Imperiall hand the tender twigg aroſe;
Which now it ſeems her Lord and founder knowes,
She ſpreads ſo faſt her ſky-aſpiring bowes,
Vnder that ſhade the Ruſticke Dryades,
And wanton Fauns themſelves with ſporting pleaſe;
And oft, as ſhe by night from Pan doth fly
This ſilent houſe doth Syrinx terrifie.
There oft hath Bacchus kept his revelling.
When wine has made the Tree more richly ſpring.
There Roſes grow t' adorne the drinking crowne;
And none can ſay thoſe Roſes are his owne.
Great Cæſars Tree, to all the Gods moſt deare,
No ſacrilegious fire, nor hatchets feare.

Still

Still mayst thou hope honour'd with leaves to bee;
Twas no Pompeian hand that planted thee.

Dixerat O mores, O tempora—— Epig. 72. Lib. 9.

OH times, O manners onee old Tully said,
When Catiline his hellish plot had layd,
When Wars did sonne and father in law divide,
And Romes sad earth with civill slaughter dy'd.
Why now O times, O manners cry'st thou man?
What ist displeases thee Cecilian?
No Generals rage, no swords of Traitors now;
But peace and joy do plentifully flow.
Tis not the ages manners, but thine owne
Have made the age to thee so hatefull growne.

Epigrammes.

His qui dura ſedens ——

THis mighty God in braſſe but little done,
Whoſe Lions skin ſoftens the harder ſtone,
Who views the heavens, wth once his ſtrength bore
Whoſe left hand holds a clubb, his right a cup, (up,
Is no new peece, no glory of our dayes,
But fam'd Lyſippus gift, and worke of praiſe;
This god once Alexander's Table ſhew'd,
Who Conquerour lyes in th' earth ſo ſoon ſubdu'd.
By him young Hanniball at th' altar ſwore;
By his command ſterne Sylla Rule gave ore.
Griev'd at theſe ſeverall Courts vaine terrours, he
Now in a private houſe is glad to bee,
And live with learned Vindex as his god,
As once he grac'd Molorchus poore abode.

Epigrammes.

Cum faciem laudo —— *Epig. 50. Lib. 3.*

To Galla.

When ere I praise thy face, hand, leg; far more
(Thou layst) I'd like thee, if all naked ore;
Yet still thou shun'st the common Baths wish me;
Fear'st thou that I should not be lik'd by thee?

Empta domus fuerat —— *Epig. 51. Lib. 3.*

TWo hundred pound thy house Tongilian, cost,
Which was by fire, a chance too frequent, lost.
Ten times as much in lieu was gather'd thee.
Didst thou not burne thy house in pollicie?

Cum

Epigrammes.

Cum dare non possim —— Epig. 53. Lib. 3.

WHen for a night thou craveſt more than I
Can give, were plainer, Galla, to deny.

Quod ſpicat tenera malum —— Epig. 64. Lib. 3.
To Diadumenus.

WHat ſmell ripe Apples bit by Virgins faire,
Or what Cilician ſaffrons fragrant aire,
What blooming Vines with bloſſoms lately fill'd,
Or ſpringing paſtures cropt by theep do yeild:
What Myrtles, chafed Amber, Eaſterne gummes,
Arabian incenſe riſing in pale fumes:
What meadowes lightly wet with ſummer ſhowres,
Or Nard in chaplets made of ſweeteſt flowers:
All this, faire Boy, thy fragrant kiſſes be.
What would they, didſt thou give them fair & free?

Epigrammes.

Dum modo Causidicum —— Epig. 64. Lib. 2.

To Taurus.

WHilst Rhetoricke now, now Law best pleaseth thee
And thou resolv'st not, Taurus, what to bee,
Old Priam's time, Peleus, or Nestor's runs,
A time to leave off all professions.
Three Rhetoricians dy'd within a yeare;
Be thou one, if th' art bold, and skilfull there;
If not; all Courts are full of brawles for thee;
Even Marsia's statue might a Lawyer bee.
Delay no more. How long expect we thee?
Thou 'lt doubt so long, till thou canst nothing bee.

Ad cenam inuper —— Epig. 78. Lib. 4.

VArus invited me to supper late,
Where little meat there was, but store of plate.
His men with gold, not victuals fill'd the bord,
Feasts to our eyes, not stomacks to afford.

We

Epigrammes.

We came to feede no eyes, but bellies here;
Keepe up thy wealth, or shew't in better cheere.

Munera quod senibus—— Epig. 56. Lib. 4.

Against Gargilian.

Gifts t' old rich men thou sendst, & widows all,
Yet would'st be thought, Gargilian, liberall.
Theres nought more sordid, nought more base than thee,
To call thy snares a liberalitie.
So to the greedy fish the hooke is kinde:
Such favour, Beasts from cousening bates do finde.
But wouldst thou know true liberalitie?
Ile teach thee then; bestow thy gifts on me.

Exigis ut donem nostros——Epig. 72. Lib. 4.

To Quinctus.

THou begg'st, that I'd bestow my Book on thee,
I 'ave none; the Stationer can shew it thee.
Shall I give coine for toyes, thinkst thou, and buy
Thy Bookes? I am not such a foole; nor I.

Sgilli vitam semper, Line——Epig. 66. Lib. 4.

LInus, thou still a Country life didst live; (give.
Than wch nought can more cheap contentment
Few Ides, or Calends ere in Rome did see
Thee gown'd; one cloak ten Summers served thee;
Thy grounds did yeild thee bores, & hares unbought;
The woods fat Thrushes to thy table brought.
The rivers gave thee fish; in pots of earth (birth.
Thou drunkst cheap wine, which boasts no forreine
No beauteous high-priz'd Boyes of Greece did fill
Thy wine, but plaine and rustick servants still;

Or

Or elſe thy tenants homely wife did lye
With thee, when wine had rais'd thy ſpirits high.
No heats did ſpoyle thy crops, no fire burnt down
Thy houſe; the ſea no ſhips of thine did drown.
No dice, or gaming tooke thy wealth away.
For nuts, like children, was thy deepeſt play.
Where's all the wealth thy mother left thee gone?
Linus, tis hard to do what thou haſt done.

Quæ mihi præſtiteris memini——Epig. 53. Lib. 5.

To Poſthumus.

THy gifts to me I thinke of, and ſtill ſhall.
Why then do I not ſpeake of them at all?
Thou doſt. Where ere I tell thy charitie,
Tis anſwer'd ſtraight, himſelfe has told it me.
This work befits not both; one is enough;
If thou wouldſt have me ſpeake, be ſilent thou.
For (truſt me) were thou nere ſo liberall,
The givers talking would deſtroy it all.

Basia da nobis —— Epig. 34. Lib. 6.

To Diadumenus.

KIsse fully, faireſt Boy. How oft (ſai'ſt thou)
The Oecans waves thou bidſt me number now;
Or ſhels upon th' Ægæan ſhore to count,
Or bees, that ſwarme about th' Athenian mount;
Or on the Theater the peoples cryes,
And ſhouts, when Cæſar firſt doth greet their eies.
What number Lesbia to Catullus gave
I beg not. Few would he, that counts them, have.

Vatis Apollinei magno —— Epig. 21. Lib. 7.

Of Lucan.

THis day ſo fam'd for Phœbus Prophets birth
Returnes; yee Poets, ſacrifice with mirth.
This day deſerv'd, which Lucan did beſtow,
That Bætis paint with Helicon ſhould flow.

Ede tuos tandem—— Epig. 26. Lib. 1.

PVbliſh thy Bookes (Fauſtinus) yet, and ſhew
Thy poliſh'd labours to the peoples view,
Thoſe Bookes, which Athens cannot diſ-reſpect,
Nor our old Romans but with praiſe affect.
Wilt not admit fame ſtanding at thy doore?
And take the fruit of all thy paines before?
Fame to the Vrne comes late; let thoſe Bookes live
With thee, which after life to thee muſt give.

Cum ſlamant omnes—— Epig. 98. Lib. 1.
To Nævolus the Lawyer.

WHen there's moſt noyſe, thou plead'ſt, thinking (to ſhow
Thy ſelfe a Patron, & a Lawyer ſo.
At ſuch a time all men ſpeake well: but now
When all are ſilent, ſpeake to th' purpoſe thou.

Epigrammis

Non plenum modo—— Epig. 100. Lib. 1.

To covetous Calenus.

Thou once had'st an estate but small;
But then so brave, free, liberall
Thou wert, Calenus, that all we
Did wish ten times as much to thee.
Some God then heard what we did pray,
And ere seven Calends past away
Foure deaths on thee bestow'd that summe;
But thou, as if no meanes had come,
But rather as much losse to thee,
Fell'st to such wretched penurie,
That even thy feasts most high and rare,
Which once a yeare thou dost prepare,
Thou mak'st for small summes of base coyne;
And seven of us old friends of thine
Cost thee a leaden halfe-penny.
For this what shall I wish to thee?
Ile with thy wealth ten times as much.
Thou 'dst starve out right, if it were such.

Qui pinxit Venerem —— Epig. 103. Lib. 1.
To Lycoris.

THat Painter ſure, Lycoris, meant to ſhew
Favour to Pallas, which thy Venus drew.

Eſſe quid hoc dicam —— Epig. 12. Lib. 2.
Againſt Poſthumus.

WHence iſt, that ſtill like myrrhe thy kiſſes beet
That ſtil thou bearſt a borrowd ſcent with thee?
I needes muſt cenſure thee for that ſweet ſmell.
He ſmels not well, that alwayes ſmels ſo well.

Epigrammes.

Quod querulum spirat —— Epig. 26. Lib. 2.

To Bithynicus.

THat in thy bosome thy old wife doth lye
Coffing, and groaning still, as like to dye
Thou think'st th'art surely made, but thou wilt bee
Deceiv'd; she dooes not dy, but flatter thee.

Mutua viginti sesterta —— Epig. 30. Lib. 2.

Against Caius.

TWenty sesterces I'de have borrow'd late,
Which, if bestow'd, had been a gift not great.
For twas a rich friend whom I ask'd, and old, (hold.
Whose crowded chests would scarce his riches
He cryes, urne Lawyer, and thou 'lt thrive; I 'de
No counsel, Caius, give me what I crave. (have

End

Emi seu puerum——Epig.44.Lib.2.
Against Sextus.

WHen I a Boy, or gowne have bought,
Or some small plate of silver wrought,
Sextus the Vsurer, whom you
To be my old companion know,
Fearing I'de begge of him, thus hee
Speakes to himselfe (ore-heard by mee)
To Phœbus foure thousand, eleven
Philetus, to Secundus seven
I ow; and have at home no whit
Of coine; welfare an old friends wit.
Tis hard, when ask'd, thou shouldst deny;
Harder before I aske of thee.

Vnguentum fateor——Epig.12. Lib.3.
Against Fabullus.

THou gav'st good ointment (ris confest)
But little supper to thy guests.
Tis an improper thing to be
Perfum'd, and hungry. Well may he,
That is anoynted, and not fed,
Be thought a coarse, thats newly dead.

Proscriptum famulus——Epig.21. Lib.3.
Against a cruell Master; whose life notwithstanding a wronged slave of his did save at the Proscription.

A Branded slave his proscrib'd Lord did save.
Not life, but envie, to his Lord he gave.——

Epigramms.

Mentiris iuvenem—— Epig. 43. Lib. 3.
Against Lentinus.

THou dy'ſt thy haire to ſeeme a younger man,
And turn'ſt a Crow, that lately wert a Swan.
All are not couſen'd, hels queene knows thee grey.
She 'll take the vizor from thy head away.

Occurrit tibi nemo—— Epig. 44. Lib. 3.
Against Ligurinus.

THat none would meet thee willingly,
But where ſo ere thou com'ſt, all fly
O Ligurinus, wouldſt thou know it?
The cauſe is th' art too much a Poet.
That fault is wondrous dangerous.
No Tiger robb'd of whelpes by us
So much is fear'd, no Scorpion,
Nor Dipſas basking in the Sun.

For

For who can ere endure ſuch paine?
Standing thou read'ſt, ſitting againe;
Running, and at the privy too.
To th' bath I goe; there readeſt thou.
I goe to ſwimme; thy Booke delayes me.
I goe to ſupper; thence it ſtayes me.
When I am ſet, thy reading makes me
To riſe; and when I ſleepe, it wakes me.
Behold, what hurt thou doſt. None can
Brooke thee a iuſt, good, harmleſſe man.

Et latet, & luset——Epig.32. Lib.4.
Of a Bee ſmoother'd in Amber.

HEre ſhines a Bee clos'd in an Amber tombe
As if interr'd in her own honey-combe.
A fit-reward fate to her labours gave;
No other death would ſhe haue wiſh'd to haue.

Epigrammes.

Hic eſt Pampineis—— Epig. 44 Lib. 4.
Of the hill Veſuvius burned by a ſtrange fire.

VEſuvius ſhaded once with greeneſt vines,
Where preſſed grapes did yeeld the nobleſt wines.
Which hil far more thã Nyſa Bacchus lov'd,
Where Satyrs once in mirthfull dances mov'd,
Where Venus dwelt, and better lov'd the place
Than Sparta; where Alcides Temple was,
Is now burnt downe, rak'd up in aſhes ſad.
The gods are griev'd, thas ſuch great power they had.

Sum fateor, ſemperq; fui—— Epig. 13 Lib. 5.
Againſt Calliſtratus.

I'm poore, Calliſtratus, and ever was,
But yet a Gentleman, free from diſgrace,
And read through all the world, and pointed at,
And living finde what few finde after fate.
An hundred columnes thy large houſe uphold;

Thy

Thy crowded chests can scarce containe thy gold.
Much rich Ægyptian Land thou hast; but more,
Thy flocks from Parma send thee fleeces store.
Thus are we two; what I am thou 'lt nere be,
The basest man by chance may equall thee.

Sextantes, Calliste duos—— Epig. 65. Lib. 3.
To his servants.

TWo cups, Calistus, of rich wine fill thou,
Thou Alcimus, allay 't with summer snow.
Let my moist haire with richest oyntment sweat;
And sweet rose chaplets on my Temples set.
Come, let us live; the Cæsars tombes so nigh
Teach us that even the gods themselves will dye.

Epigrammes.

Antonii Phario——Epig. 70. Lib 5.
Against Marcus Antonius the Triumvir.

WOrſe than Photinus, and more odious growne
By Tullies death, than thy proſcription,
Why by thy ſword ſhould that braveRoman bleed?
Fierce Catiline would have abhorr'd the deed.
The impious Souldier gold corrupts, and nought
But one tongs ſilence that great welth has bought.
What boots that ſacred tongues dear ſilence now?
All men will ſpeake in ſtead of Cicero.

Qui potuit Bacchi——Epig. 73. Lib. 5.
Of Bacchus birth.

WHo ſayes that love was Bacchus mother, he
As well may call his father Semele.

Epigrammes.

Jurat capillos——Epig.12. Lib.6.
Of Fabulla.

FAbulla sweares her haire (which at a rate
She bought) is hers. Is she forsworne in that?

Dum Phaetoneæ——Epig.15. Lib.6.
Of an Ant drowned in Amber.

AN amber drop from Phaetons branches wept
Enclos'd a little Ant that under crept.
That Ant not valu'd in her life at all
Is now made precious by her funerall.

Quod nubis Proculina——Epig.22. Lib.6.
Against Proculina.

THat Proculina's servant marries her
Her husband now, late her adulterer

For

For feare the Iulian Law should taxe her, she
Not marries, but confesses that was he.

Amisit Pater unicum —— Epig. 62. Lib. 6.

To Apian.

Silanus only son is dead.
Why, Apian, hast thou offered ——————
No gifts to th' fire? oh destinies
What Vultur shall this carkasse seize?

Mechum Gellia —— Epig. 90. Lib. 6.

Of Gellia.

BVt one Adulterer has Gellia now;
Thats worst of all to be a wife to two.

Celatus tibi cum——Epig. 92. Lib. 6.
To Amianus.

WHen on thy cup a serpents shape is wrought
By Myrons hand, & wine but small & nought
Thou drink'st therein, sure tis a poyson'd draught.

Fragmentum quod vile——Epig. 18. Lib. 7.
Of a peece of the ship Argus.

THis, wch thou thinkst base planks, & useles wood,
Was once that ship that first the Ocean plowd.
Which nor Cyanean Ilands, nor the rage
Of Scythian Seas could breake, but powerful age
Did ruine it; yet though to time it yeeld,
Let this more sacred than whole ships be held.

Primum est ut præstes——Epig. 42. Lib. 7.
Against Cinna.

THe first love, Cinna, is to grant what I
Request; the second quickly to deny.
I love the one, the other hate not I;
But thou nor grant'st, nor quickly dost deny.

Commendare tuum dum——Epig. 45. Lib. 7.
To Priscus.

WHilst thou thy gifts to me in verse wouldst fain
Commend, and striv'st to passe great Homers (vein;
Thy selfe & me thou too too long dost vex;
While thou art studying, wants do me perplexe.
Send rich men Verses, and high Elegyes;
Poor men plaine gifts without a Verse will please.

Epigramms.

Doctorum Licini celeberrime —— *Epig. 46. Lib. 7.*

To Licinius.

Licinius, fam'd for learning, best of men,
Whose language brings th' old puritie agen.
By what great gift of fate to us art thou
(Neere tasting Lethes streame) restored now?
Our feares were past, our sorrow freely wept,
And had thy obsequies already kept.
But hels sad King such envie could not brooke,
And to the fates restor'd the web he tooke.
How thy false death was wail'd is known to thee;
Thou now enioy'st thine own posteritie.
Live as by stealth; seize ioyes that flying poast.
Let not a day of this new life be lost.

Quod

Quod te diripiunt —— Epig. 75. lib. 7.
To Philomusus.

THat great men court thee every where,
At feasts, and at the Theater,
And would, as oft as well may bee,
Walk, bathe, or take the ayre with thee;
Doe not admire thy selfe for it.
Tis not their love, but their delight.

Si meus aut tua —— Epig. 86. lib. 7.

IF Flacus love a long-ear'd Hare-foote sight,
And Canius in a Blackamore delight;
If Publius fall enamour'd of a Bitch,
And Cronus thoughts a Monkey can bewitch;
If Marius prize a harmefull Indian Rat,
Lausus a Py, that can salute and chat;
If faire Glacilla's neck her snake become,
And Thelesine her Nightingale entombe:

Why should not I my faire Labycas love,
When such strange Monsters their delights can move?

Si quid opus fuerit —— Epig 91. lib 7.

Against Bacchra.

WEre I in want, I need not aske of thee
Thus, Bacchra, oftentimes thou tellest me.
My Creditors at my non-payment taunt.
Thou hear'st, yet know'st not, Bacchra, what I want.
My Land-lord rent doth openly demand;
Thou hear'st, yet know'st not in what need I stand.
My cloathes are cold, worne bare vnto a thred.
Thou seest, yet know'st not, Bacchra, what I need.
My neede is to have thee stroke dumbe therefore,
That thou mightst say, wert thou in need no more.

Epigrammes.

Condicus his ego sum——Epig.94.Lib.7.
An Epitaph vpon Vrbicus a Child.

I Vrbicus the griefe of Bassus, am (name.
Here tomb'd, on whom great Rome bestow'd a
Sixe Moneths I wanted of two yeares, when lo
My threed of life did cruell fates vndo.
What did my beauty, talke, or age availe?
Who ere readst this, my death vntimely waile.
So may that man at Nestors age to grave
Descend, whom thou wouldst thy survivor have.

Sic placidum semper——Epig.98.lib.7.
To Crispinus.

SO mayst thou still be favoured by our love,
And gaine as well Romes as thy Memphis love,
When thou my Verses read in Court shalt heare
(For they sometimes enioy great Cæsars eare)
Say, like a candid Reader, this mans rimes

Doe adde some honour, Cæsar, to thy times,
Not far from Marsus or Catullus best.
This is enough; to love I leave the rest.

Milo domi non est ——— *Epig. 101. lib. 7.*

Of Milo.

MIlo rides forth; his grounds, while he's from home,
Ly wast: his wife still bears a fruitfull wombe.
Why are the grounds, and she not, barren growne?
His wife has tillers, though the grounds have none.

Achetypis vetitis ——— *Epig. 6. lib 8.*

Against Eutus.

HOw odious Eutus antique gobblets are!
In earthen pots twere better drinking farre,
While he the mouldy ages of his plate
(Palling the wine with talking) doth relate.

This

Epigramms.

This cup belong'd to King Laomedon;
For this Apollo's Harpe did wall the Towne.
This pot in fight did furious Rhætus vſe
Againſt the Lapithes; ſee, here's the bruiſe.
This with two bottoms Neſtor did delight: (bright.
Twas Neſtor's thumbe that wore this dove ſo
This cup Achilles in a jovial vaine
Drunke freely off, his friends to entertaine.
In this faire Dido dranke to Bitias,
When Troys lov'd Prince her gueſt at ſupper was.
While thou theſe old engravings wondreſt at,
Thou drinkſt Aſtyanax in Priam's plate.

Principium des Jane — *Epig. 8. lib. 8.*

To Janus.

THough, Janus, thou begin ſwift years, that haſt,
And with thy looke call backe the ages paſt;
Though thee all incenſe firſt, all prayers implore:
All honours new, and purple gownes adore;
Yet more thou joy'ſt to ſee what now is come,
That in thy moneth our god returnes to Rome.

Egi,

Egi, Sexte, tuam —— Epig. 17 lib. 8.

To Sextus.

SExtus, thy cause I pleaded; for my fee
Thou sentst a piece; for two did I agree.
But thou complainst I did thy cause betray;
More for the shame I suffer'd, thou shouldst pay.

Aëra per tacitum —— Epig. 32. lib. 8.

Of Aretulla's Pigeon.

TO Aretulla's lap a snowy Dove
Descended gently through the aire above.
It was no chance; for there the Dove did stay,
And, though permitted, would not fly away.
If that so good a sisters pious love,
And Prayers may hope our earthly god to move,
This Dove, from Sardos from her brother sent,
Brings newes of his repeale from banishment.

Quanta

Epigramms.

Quanta tua est probitas —— Epig. 46. lib. 8.

To Cestus.

CEstus, so chast thou art, so wondrous faire(pare.
That Theseus sonne may not with thee com-
To bathe with thee would nak'd Diana ioy.
Cybel for thee would leave her Phrygian boy.
Iuno would let thee lye, for Ganymede,
With Iove, and would not thy chast kisses dread.
Oh happy Bride, whose maiden-head shall take
Thy first fresh strength, & thee an husband make.

Formosissima quæ —— Epig. 53. lib. 8.

Against Catulla.

OF all thy sexe thou faireſt faire,
But baſer than the baſeſt are,
Oh how I wiſh, Catulla, thee
Leſſe faire, or elſe more chaſt to bee.

Tres

Epigrammes.

Tres habuit dentes——Epig. 57. lib. 8.

To Picens.

THree only teeth had Picens, and did ſpit
Them out; as he before his tombe did ſit.
Then gathring his mouthes ruines up, he there
Entombed them; ſo that although his heire
Gather not up his bones, when he is gone;
This funerall rite he to himſelfe hath done.

Qui Corcyræi vidit——Epig 68 lib. 8.

To Entellus.

WHo both hath ſeen, wil praiſe thy garden houſe
More than the Orchard of Alcinous.
Where, leſt the purple grapes ſad winters froſt
Should burne, and Bacchus gifts by cold be loſt;
Clos'd in tranſparant ſtone thy Vines do live,
And to the eye, though hid, their luſtre give.
So pebble ſtones in Chryſtall brookes are ſpy'd,

And Maides white skins through tyffeney descry'd.
What would not nature let wit reach unto,
When barren Winter Autumn's workes must do?

Miraris veteres —— *Epig. 69. lib. 8.*

Of Vacerra.

VAcerra, thou approv'st of none
For Poets, but are dead and gone.
Pardon; for so much do not I
Esteeme thy praises as to dy.

Dic verum mihi, Marce —— *Epig. 76. lib. 8.*

Upon Gallicus.

IPrithee, Marcus, tell me true;
There's nought I 'd rather heare from you;
Thus, when thy Bookes thou dost recite,
Or when thou pleadst thy clients right,

Still,

Epigrammes.

Still, Gallicus, thou begg'ſt of mee.
Twere hard I ſhould deny it thee.
Then heare whats true as true can be;
Thou doſt not heare truth willingly.

Quantum iam ſuperis —— Epig 4. lib 9.
To Domitian.

OF what thou, Cæſar, to the gods haſt given,
If thou wouldſt now exact repayment even,
Although in Heaven an out-cry ſhould be made,
And the gods forc'd to ſell what ere they had;
Atlas were bank-rupt; Iove could not compound,
Though thou would'ſt take five groats in every pound.
What can he pay for his Tarpeian crown?
What for his Capitoll, re-built, when down?
How much for her two temples Iuno owes!
Pallas I paſſe, for ſhe thy buſineſſe does.
Why ſhould I name the Flavian Temples now?
What Lædacs ſonnes, Alcides, Phœbus ow?
Cæſar muſt needs forbeare, or give them day.
For Ioves cheſt has not wherewithall to pay.

Cæſar

Cænes Canthare cum——Epig.11.lib.9.
Against Cantharus.

WHen thou at others cost eat'st still,
Thou roar'st, thou threaten'st, & speak'st ill.
Such pride and fiercenesse fits not thee:
Thou canst not sharke, and be so free.

Cappadocum sævis——Epig 31.lib.9.
Of Antistius Rusticus.

IN Cappadocia did Antistius dye.
Oh guilty land in such a Tragædy?
Nigrina, when her deare Lords bones she brought
Home in her lap, too short the iourney thought.
When th' envy'd tombe the sacred Vrne receiv'd,
She seem'd againe of her dear Lord bereav'd.

Epigrammes.

Jupiter Flavi —— Epig. 35. lib. 9.
In praise of Domitian.

When love great Cæsars Flavian Temple fy'd,
His fabulous Cretan tombe he did deride.
And when at table he did freely supp
Nectar, and gave to Mars, his sonne, the cupp;
Looking on Phœbus, and bright Phœbe, where
Faire Maiaes sonne, and great Alcides were.
You rais'd me Cretan monuments, quoth he,
How much more Cæsars Father tis to be!

Si credis mihi —— Epig. 53. lib. 9.
To Ovid.

What thou deserv'st, if thou believe,
I do to Aprils Calends give
For thy birth, Ovid, what I doe
To March, to which mine own I owe.
Both happy dayes, with whitest stone

Both

Both to bee mark'd by me; by one
A friend: by tother life I have.
The greater gift thy Calends gave.

Lector & auditor——Epig. 82. lib. 3.

To Aulus.

READers and hearers, both my Bookes renowne.
Some Poets say th' are not exactly done.
I care not much; like banquets, let my Bookes
Rather be pleasing to the guests than Cookes.

Dixerat Astrologus——Epig. 84. lib. 3.

To Cinna.

CInna, th' Astrologer fore-told that thou
Shouldst perish soone, nor did he lye: I vow.
For loath to leave ought here, when thou shouldst die
Thou spent'st thy goods in riot speedily. (dye,

And all thy treasure in one yeare is gone.
What is this, Cinna, but to perish soone?

Fuser tanta tuæ —— Epig. 85 lib. 9.

To Domitian.

MOngst all the wonders, Cæsar, of thy stage
Æqual'd by no, or former Prince or age,
The eye owes much to thee; but more the eare
That they who once did act, now sit and heare.

Quadringentorum reddis —— Epig. 105. lib. 9.

To Phœbus.

BOnds of foure hundred thou giv'st back to me;
I'd rather have one hundred lent from thee.
Boast such vaine gifts to some man else; I say
There's mine already which I cannot pay.

Quæ

Quæ nova tam——Epig. 106. lib. 9.
Of two alike faire Brothers.

WHat other Læda such like twins hath bred?
What other swan some Spartan dame did tred
Asillus Castors, Hierus has the face
Of Pollux; both have Hellens lovely grace,
Had Lædaes sons been of so faire a hew,
When Venus gift, though worst, the rest orethrew?
Helen had stay'd behinde; Paris had then
With two stolne Ganymeds return'd agen.

Jam placido numeret——Epig. 23. lib. 10.
Of Antonius primus.

ANtonius Primus to his blest content
Seventy five years of life can number spent.
His former yeares secure he lookes upon,
And feares not Lethes streame now nearer grown.
No day, thats past, seemes sad or grievous yet,

No day, which he would ſtudy to forget.
Thus good men to themſelves long life can give,
T'enioy our former life is twice to live.

Vare Parethonias——Epig. 26. lib. 10.
Of Varus.

VArus, which as Romes Tribune didſt cõmand
An hundred men, tenownd in Ægypts land.
Now as a ſtranger Ghoſt thou doſt remaine
On Nilus ſhore, promis'd to Rome in vaine.
We could not dew with teares thy dying face,
Nor thy ſad funerall flames with odours grace,
Yet in my Verſe eterniz'd ſhalt thou bee.
Of that falſe Ægypt cannot couſen thee.

Owner

Omnes Sulpitiam——Epig. 35. lib. 10.
Of Sulpitia.

LEt all chast Virgins, that would wed
One man alone, Sulpitia read.
Let all good men, that love the bed
Of one chast Spouse, Sulpitia read.
She sings not of Medæa's spels,
Nor dire Thyestes banquet tels.
Scylla, and Biblis flories lyes
She counts; pure loves, and chastities;
Sweete sports, and harmelesse she relates.
Her Verse who ere well æstimates,
Will say that none are holier.
Such iests, I thinke, Ægeriaes were
In that moist Cave to Numa's eare.
Brought up with her, or taught by her,
Chast, and more learn'd had Sappho beene.
But flinty Phao, had he seene,
Them both, had lov'd Sulpitia sure,
(Although in vaine) for she more pure
Would not exchange Calenus love
For Bacchus, Phœbus, or great Iove.

Quisquis iuta tuis——Epig. 71. lib. 10.
Vpon the tombe of Rabirius his Parents.

THou that dost wish thy parents lives should (prove
Both long & blest, this tombs short title love.
Wherein Rabirius dead deare parents rest.
No age with happier fate was ever blest.
Wedlocke of threescore years one night untwines,
And in one funerall flame both bodies ioynes.
But he, as they had dy'd in greener yeares,
Still weepes: What iustice is there in those teares?

Non Vrbana mea——Epig. 3. Lib. 11.
Of his Bookes.

TIs not the City only doth approue
My Muse, or idle eares my Verses love.
The rough Centurion, where cold frosts orespread
The Scythian fields, in war my Bookes doth read.
My lines are sung in Brittaine far remote;

But

But yet my empty purſe perceives it not.
What deathleſs numbers from my pen would flow?
What wars would my Pierian Trumpet blow?
If, as Auguſtus now againe doth live,
So Rome to me would a Mecænas give.

Aedes emit Aper —— Epig. 35. Lib. II.

Of Aper.

APer a cottage bought, which not an Owle
Would deigne to own, it was ſo old & fowle.
But Maro's ſumptuous houſe, and walkes excell.
Aper will richly fare, not richly dwell.

Ignotos mihi cum —— Epig. 36. Lib. II.

To Fabullus.

WHen many gueſts ſtrangers to me,
Thou bidſt, and then I failed thee

Thou chidst because I made not one
I do not love to sup alone.

Vivida cum poscis——Epig.43.lib.11.

WHen living Epigrams thou crav'st of me,
Thou giv'st dead arguments. How can that be?
How canst thou have Hymettian hony flow,
And Corsick thyme t' Athenian Bees allow?

Quod nimium laudas——Epig.57.lib.11.
Against Cheremon.

THat thou, Cheremon, death dost oft desire
Thou wouldst have us thy valiant mind admire.
This high resolve comes from an eareless pot,
A chimney without fire to keepe it hot,
A bedsted eat with wormes, rugs course & light,
One short bare gown to weare both day & night.

Epigrammes.

How brave a man art thou canſt want ſuch geere!
As ſtraw, courſe bread, and lees of vineger!
But if a woven purple coverled,
And fine french lawne adorn'd thy downy bed,
Hadſt thou a Boy, whoſe roſie lips would fire
As wine he fils; thy luſtfull gueſts deſire:
Then thou to live thrice Neſtors years wouldſt pray.
And wouldſt not loſe an houre of any day.
In poore eſtate tis eaſie ſcorning death;
Valiant is he dares draw a wretched breath.

Nil mihi das vivus——Epig. 68. lib. 11.

Againſt Mam.

ALive you give me nought, you ſay you will
At death: you know my wiſh if you have skill.

Parus

Epigrammes.

Parvarogas magnos —— Epig. 69. Lib. XI.

Against Matho.

THou begg'ſt ſmall gifts of great ones, which they yet
Deny. To be leſſe sham'd, begge gifts more great.

Clamabat tumidis audax ——

THus bold Leander cry'd ith swelling Maine
Then drown me waues when I returne againe.

Mutari

Epigramms.

Mutari melius Tauro——
Vpon the picture of Europa's rape.

THen rather, Iove, should'ſt thou have choſe to bee
A Bull, when Iô was a Cow for thee.

FINIS.